THE

# APOTHEOSIS

Of the Most Serene and Illustrious Monarch

# CHARLS the II.

With an humble Address to His Most Sacred Majesty

# King JAMES the II.

And a POEM to the

# Queen Dowager.

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By JOSHUA BARNES, *M.A. Fellow of* Emmanuel *Colledge in* Cambridge.

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*As they were Printed among the* Cambridge *Poems: And now,* (*for the* Excellency *and* Loyalty *of them*) *by the command of an Honourable Frieud of the Authors,* (*but without his Privity*) *Reprinted.*

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BIBLIOTHECA · RODLEIANA ·

LXXI.

# THE APOTHEOSIS

OF THE

Moſt SERENE and Moſt

## Illuſtrious Monarch

# CHARLES the II. &c.

I.

OH! who to Mighty CHARLES His Name
Shall rear a Stately never-fading *Frame*;
Such as His own Immortal *Worth* requires,
To Vye with Long-liv'd *Time*, and kiſs th'Ethereal *Fires*?
Oh! who ſhall for that God-like *Monarch* raiſe
Poetick *Obeliſks* unto His Praiſe,
Firm as His *Soul*, and *Glorious*, as His peaceful Days?
*Fancy*, the *Architect*, muſt now be here.——
*Truth*, *Hiſtory*, *Deſcription*, are the beſt
For ſuch a work; the *Shop*, my Lab'ring *Breaſt*:
But what vaſt *Quarries* of ſtrong *Verſe* appear!
Solid *Marble*, furrow'd *deep*,
With pointed *Words*; *Words* that will keep
His *Fame* alive, although His *Body* ſleep!
*Sincerity* and *Senſe* Cement the *Frame*,
And bind the *Junctures* faſt,

 Temper'd

Temper'd with *Tears*, that from My *Loyal ſorrow* came:
Rude, Indigeſted *Grief* doth poliſh all at laſt.
On the firm *Baſis* of my *Heart*
I have rear'd this Funeral *Pile*;
Tho' the *Baſis* ſhakes the while,
Tho' *Confuſion* play Her part;
Yet even *Confuſion* here expreſſes wondrous *Art*.

II.

Now from the Lofty *Spire* behold!
The Sacred *Eagle*, with an *Urne* of *Gold*,
Proud of the Noble *Burthen*, flies
Tow'rd CHARLES His Native *Skies*!
'Tis CHARLES His Generous *Soul*, He bears away;
To increaſe the Number of the *Gods* above:
Where *He* ſhall view perpetual *Day*,
And Drink full *Bowls* of *Bliſs*, and Feaſt on endleſs *Love*.
The *Royal Martyr* in a Silver *Cloud*
Drawn through the *Shining Ayr*,
With Milky *Horſes* in a Golden *Chair*;
Met His *Sons* Spirit, and *welcom'd* Him aloud,
Commending all His Pious *Care*,
His wondrous *Clemency* and *Wiſdom* Great,
Wherewith ſo long *He* had ſuſtain'd ſo *vaſt* an *Empires* weight;
"My *Son*, My CHARLES, My *Heir* in all that's *Good*,
"As well, as in My *Name* and in my *Blood*,
"Now *welcom* to theſe Bliſful *Bowers*;
"Where endleſs *Joys* rain down in never-ceaſing *Showers*!
"Bleſs'd be that *Providence*, that fix'd Thee on
"My once too-long Uſurped *Throne*;
"That did thy Sacred *Head* Protect,
"From Traye'rous *Plots* of every diſcontented *Sect*;
"And nouriſh'd in Thy Royal *Breaſt*
"That Gracious *Soul*, that Love to *Peace* and *Reſt*,
"Which *Hell* reveres, and *Heavenly-Minds* reſpect:

"Now

" Now since Thou'st Conquer'd all that boyst'rous Rage
" Of Fiery *Zeal*, and Calm'd the troubled Age;
" 'Tis time to enter these *Rejoicing Gates*,
" And leave thy BROTHER to fulfil His Happier *Fates*.
" But say, say, how does that Our other *Son*,
The *Heir* of all Thy *Virtues* and Thy *Throne*,
" My JAMES, even then a *Hopeful Boy*,
When I exchang'd a Crown of *Thorns* for Everlasting *Joy*?

III.

To whom the Second CHARLES reply'd,
With Calm *Serenity* upon His *Brow*,
Glorious as *Heroes* newly *Deify'd*,
And *Great* as His Great *FATHER* now;
Three times *He* made a lowly *Bow*,
And said, ( the *Chariot* slowly went along
Returning tow'rd th' *Angelick* throng, (*Song*)
Who made a shining *Lane*, and bow'd, and Listned to His
" *Father*, I've left th' Illustrious JAMES *below*,
" Laden with *Triumphs* and His *Peoples Love*;
" Full of such *Bliss* as Mortal *Regions* know
" Except that sad *Alloy*, which My *Decease* did move:
" As I *Ascended* through the *Neither-Air*,
" I heard the welcom *Shouts* of loving *Subjects* ring,
" While *Officers* with Zealous *Voice* declare,
" My Royal *Brother* their Most Gracious *King*.
" But *Hee*, ( for *Souls* can take the softest *Voice* )
" Bemoan'd the *Unsought* Burthen of a *Crown*:
" I heard him *sigh* and say, *He* never could rejoyce;
Till *He* come up to *Heaven* to *Me*, or I to *Him* go down.
" But after all My *Labours*, *Toyls* and *Cares*,
" For Six and *Thirty* teadious, rowling *Years*,
" Methinks (and surely not amiss)
" The *shortest stay*,
" On this side (tho' in sight of) *Bliss*
" Is too too long *delay*.

" To

" To *Heavens* High *Care* and JAMES His we resign
" Our *Earthly Realms*, and haste to those that *shine*
" With un-extinguish'd *Day*, and flow with Joys *Divine*.

IV.

Now th' *Azure* Gates of *Bliss* expanded wide,
Receive the Glorious *Cavalcade*;
*Angels*, like *Lacquyes*, running on each side:
And wondrous *Tunes* on *David's* Lyre were play'd.
And parallel 'tween *CHARLES* and *DAVID* made,
In rapt'rous, strange, *Angelick Verse*,
Too *strong* and *High* for *Mortals* to rehearse!
Go! Blessed *CHARLES*, receive those *Entertains*,
Worthy thy *Self*, in Noble *Heavenly* strains.
*We*, low and weak and *grovelling* on the *Ground*
Will *strive* however to *advance* a *sound*,
That shall address to living *JAMES* His *Ear*;
And sure (for *He's* like *CHARLES*) *He* will vouchsafe to *hear*.

# ADDRESS
## TO THE
# KING.

" GReat *JAMES*! whose worth portends so vast a *Good*;
" That even thy *Brother's* loss is hardly understood,
" May all the *Glories* of Thine *House* and *Race*
" Shine round Thy Sacred *Head*, and kiss thy Royal *Face*!
" And while their *Mercies* Thou dost *Imitate*;
" May all their *Thunder*, on Thine *Anger* wait!
" May all *adore* Thy *Smile* and *Dread* Thee too;
" And those be forc'd, who *choose* not thus to *do*;
" May all thy *Parents* and Thy *Brothers Fame*,
" And *Years* Extend Thy *Days*, and *CROWN* Thy *Name*!

" May

" May all Their *Virtues* in Thy *Bosome* meet;
" And all Their *Treasures* Couch beneath Thy *Feet*!
" May all their *Guardian-Angels* round Thee stand;
" And all their *Blessings* wait on Thy Command!
" And may'st Thou leave (when Thy long *Life's* resign'd)
" Such matchless *Sons*, as Thy Great *Father* left behind!

*Joshua Barns*, M. A. Fellow of *Emmanuel Colledge.*

# TO THE Queen Dowager.

MAdam, whose *Mercies* are so *boundless* known,
That *justly* they were match'd with *CHARLES* His own;
The *sole* Good *Queen*, Worthy so good a Lord,
Who only *equal'd*, whom all else *Ador'd*:
Gladly to *You* our *Muse* would *comfort* bring:
But ah! what *Comfort* after such a *King*?
VVe'ld Piously *Condole*, and lend relief
VVith Loyal *Art* to Your Exub'tant *Grief*:
But ah! we're drown'd in *Tears*, as well as You!
In *CHARLES* His *Death* all *Englands* VVidow'd too.
You lost an *Husband* and the best that ere
Did th' Honourable *Chains* of *Wedlock* wear:
Tis true, and sure Your *Grief* we must allow:
But we're concern'd, Great *Queen*, as deep as *You*!
For *We* the *Best* of worthyest *Kings* have lost!
No tender *Father* could like *Mercies* boast!
No *Heart* can Fathom, and no *Tongue* relate
Those *Blessings* that on *CHARLES* His *Reign* did wait!
But oh! I've done: For, while to mind I call
His God-like *Worth*: The Tears like *Rivers*, fall

From

From Your Bright *Eyes*, half languish'd now with *Cares*,
Shaded with *Grief* and almost quench'd in Tears!
Oh! who'ld not *melt*, to see such Charming woe:
Majestick *Sorrows* in so sad a *Show*!
But ah! with *You* we cannot *Sympathis*
*CHARLES* fills our *Hearts*, and flows at our *Eyes*:
Nor can *We* lend one *Tear*, Great *Queen* to *You*;
Nor can we to our *Grief* one *sigh* allow:
*CHARLES* has engrost our *Tears*; and all we have,
Flow in one groaning *Torrent* tow'rd His *Grave*!
Yet when upon Your *Woes* we cast an *Eye*:
*Tears* fall more quick, and *Sobs* do beat more high:
*Compassion* strives t' exalt Our *Grief* the more,
But surely That was at the *heigth* before.
Yet, Royal *Widow*, this poor service take,
That tho' opprest with *Griefs*, no Tongue can speak,
*We yet at last desire more* SORROW *for* YOUR SAKE:

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